

EASTER SUNDAY EVENING

St. Andrews M. E. Church

Cor. 19th St. and St. Marys Avenue
REV. S. S. KLYNE, Ph.D., Pastor
SUNDAY EVENING, APRIL 11, 1909

CANTATA OF "The Crucified"

Text by Lillian C. Nevin

Music by Geo. B. Nevin

CHOIR

Sopranos

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------|
| Miss Stella Clayton, | Miss May Rutter |
| Miss Ivy Smith | Miss Beulah Budd |
| Miss Katherine Williamson | Mrs. J. W. Davis |
| Miss Jessie Ray | Miss Florence Roush |
| Miss Edna Bartlett | Miss Dimpie McDougle |
| Miss Alve Taylor | Miss Pearl Mays |
| Miss Lucy Wharton | |

Altos

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| Miss Grace Beach | Miss Jennie Williamson |
| Miss Beulah Bailey | Miss Francis Stoops |
| Miss Carrie Preston | Miss Lida Bartlett |
| Miss Valletta Henske | Miss Freda Heckler |

Tenors

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| Mr. C. W. Smith | Mr. Will Bartlett |
| Prof. Hedley | Mr. T. Dando |
| Mr. Theo. Starbuck | |

Basses

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| Mr. Oscar Hiehle | Mr. B. M. Whaley |
| Mr. D. W. Cauley | Mr. D. L. Henderson |
| Mr. A. F. Tankhauser | |

Soloists

- Miss Lida Bartlett, Alto
 Mr. Theo. Starbuck, Tenor
 Mr. D. W. Cauley, Baritone
 Mr. N. STRONG GIBLERT, Organist-Director

PROGRAM

- Organ—Andante Fifth Symphony - Beethoven
 Hymn Number 180
 Prayer
 Scripture Lesson
 Announcements and Collection
 CANTATA

"The Crucified"

Text by Lillian C. Nevin

Music by Geo. B. Nevin

MIXED CHORUS

The twilight falls in shadows soft
The veil of evening wraps the earth
The crowded streets at length are still
All hushed the sounds of care and mirth
The sacrificial lamb is slain
And Israel keeps its paschal feast
Remembering thus the bondage past
And Egypt's toil which long has ceased

The master with his friends draws near
Around the board in hallow'd spell
They gather while their Lord breathes forth
His words of promise and fare-well
And when 'tis done a closer bond
He draws to lift their souls above
"Do this," he cries, "rememb'ring me
And so ordains the feast of love.

BARITONE SOLO

Let not your hearts be troubled
Let not your hearts be troubled
Ye believe in God, believe also in me.
In my Father's house are many mansions
I go to prepare a place for you
And if I go I will come again and receive you
And I will pray the Father
And He shall send you another comforter
Even the spirit of truth, even the spirit of truth.

CHORUS, LADIES VOICES

Hark; the voice of love and mercy
Stealing through the quiet room
Words of peace and comfort breathing
Into souls cast down with gloom
'Tis a wondrous message sounding
Down the length'ning aisles of time
Raising hearts bowed down with sadness
Growing ever more sublime.

BARITONE SOLO

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you,
Let not your heart be troubled
Neither let it be afraid
Be of good cheer, be of good cheer
I have overcome the world.

CHORUS, MENS VOICES

From the peaceful upper chamber
Forth they go in silent awe
From their necks the yoke is slipping
Of the ole Mosaic law.
Kedrons shaded vale descending
Come they to the garden's slope
There beneath the gray old ivies
In sheep's heaviness to grope.

CHORUS, WOMENS VOICES

But the master goeth deeper
In the way of pain and stress
"Stay and Watch," at length commanding
E'en the three who closest pressed.

MIXED CHORUS

Then alone in anguish kneeling
'Neath the solemn star strewn sky
Drains the draught with quivering spirit
Since that cup may not pass by

'Tis midnight; and on olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shown
'Tis midnight in the garden now
The suffering saviour prays alone.

'Tis midnight; and for others guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

'Tis midnight; and from other plains
Is born the song that angels know
Unheard by mortals is the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

CHORUS OF MENS VOICES

But through the gloom lights are flashing
The crowd with swords comes out
The road their leader knows
Past questioning or doubt.

MIXED CHORUS

Unflinching he goes, "Hail, Master," greets his Lord
And with a kiss betrays him, to the temple horde

TENOR SOLO

In Pilate's judgment hall there stands
The holy pure and perfect man
In majesty divinely calm
His mien the wondering judge doth
scan
Without, the mob, whose frantic rage
Breaks forth in fierce and clam'rous
cry,
Whose throats late rang hosannas
forth
Shout—Crucify; Shout—Crucify.

ALTO SOLO

O, Israel, how thy bitter cup
Of shame and sin doth overflow
Unto his own Messiah comes
And ye receive him not—nor know
Behold he treads the dol'rous way
And bears upon His back scourge torn
The cross whereon to expiate
Man's dreadful guilt in shame and
scorn.

MIXED CHORUS

From the Crucifixion.—Stainer.

Fling wide the gates for the Saviour waits
To tread in His royal way
He has come from above in his power and love
To die on this passion day.
His cross is the sign of a love divine
His crown is the thorn wreath of woe
He bears his load on the sorrowful road
And bends 'neath the burden low.
Fling wide the gates, the Saviour waits
To tread in his royal way,
He has come from above in His power and love,
To die on this passion day.

MIXED CHORUS

Behold the man of sorrows now,
Consumed by suff'ring fiercest fire
Will God the awful sin allow
And earth for him not now conspire,
The Lamb for sacrifice arrayed,
The holy God by man betrayed?
Behold him hated; scorned; denied,
Rejected, mocked and crucified.

O, crown'd and pierced one we bow
Thine agony beholding
On calvary's hill we stand to see
Thy wondrous love unfolding
O, king of grace, O, royal heart.
No word of hate returning.
Forgiving all thy bitter foes
And o'er thy loved ones yearning,
The darkest hour the wildest storm
Upon thee now is breaking,
The Father's presence veiled, with
drawn,
Thy God thy soul forsaking.

MIXED CHORUS

'Tis finished; so the Savior cries
And meekly bows his head, and dies
'Tis finished; Yes, the race is run
The battle fought, the victory won.

'Tis finished; Son of God thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee
'Tis finished; Let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round
'Tis finished; Let the triumph rise
And swell the chorus of the skies.

MIXED CHORUS

O, Thou who here has vanquished
The foes of man most dread
With hail and Hallelujah
To greet thy royal tread
The bands of death are broken
The souls of men are free
Through thee, O blest redeemer
The gates of heav'n we see
In matchless splendor glowing
At God the father's side
Thy love to man thou pleadest,
O Christ the crucified.

MIXED CHORUS

(Old Easter Hymn.)

Lives again our glorious king; Alleluia,
Where O death is now thy sting; Alleluia,
Once he died our souls to save; Alleluia,
Where is thy victory boasting grave, Alleluia,
Soar we now where Christ hath lead, Alleluia,
Foll'wing our exalted Lord, Alleluia,
Made like him, like him we rise, Alleluia,
Ours the Cross the grave the skies, Alleluia—AMEN.

Benediction.

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